



# **The Dragon Slayers**

## **Chapter 1: The Rogue Premium Version**

By

Tammy Silverwolf

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The only thing I hope for more is that you enjoy this entry in the Dragon Slayer series.

Enjoy,

-Tammy Silverwolf

## Chapter I: The Rogue

*“Dearest Felicia,*

*I know it must be lonely in that backwater city, but you must be careful of those you associate with! The spirit of your mother lingers in you, don't let her wisdom go unheeded. Do not give in to temptation and the guiles of men who smile while carrying a dagger, she taught you better than that.*

*I received your last letter but heard no mention of this new friend of yours. I have many concerns! Some of the brethren in the temple speak her name with the same tone they do of the western pleasure goddess, Isira. Be wary her charms, they tell me. This half-elf is not all she seems. The elf-bloods are fey crazy as it is, but some less obvious than others, many say she that if not for her ears and features she'd pass for human, but it's a trick. Like many fey, she is crafty and mischievous, she even carries around a vibrating stick for some reason!*

*Some of the temple's visitors have spoken of her, too, as they traveled west towards the End of the World to get away from her, such is the limitlessness of her appetites! She even. . . Does things. With women! You must be careful!*

*Don't be mad at Kenji for telling me, he worries for you like I do. Trust in your father to keep you safe from this succubus, my little Felicia. Trust in him until I complete my training and can take over the old Soothsayer's role. Then we can be together and nothing will hurt you, not man nor spirit!. Especially not this demon spawn.*

*Ever lovingly,*

*Ilcar”*

#

Sarah had first caught a glimpse of the man following her when she strolled past one of the reagent shops in the old quarter; he was taller than her half-elven frame, distinctly human with broad shoulders clad in tight leathers hidden by an oversized coat. He looked like the kind of man that followed someone in the shadow and relied on his size to intimidate them into doing what he wanted rather than using his tongue and wit. Judging by the curtain of scars on his craggy cheeks, it seemed to Sarah that wit was a rarely practiced art for him.

Oh, but he had purpose. Purpose and focus, both apparently involving her. How foolish did he think she was that she wouldn't have seen his leering gaze? That same beady gaze tracked her intently as she sauntered through the busy cobble street, trying to maintain the swagger that she'd started her day with.

The pleasant memory of the-- formerly-- virgin Bryce was a warm distraction from the threat of being tracked down by jilted lovers, tax collectors, or undercover guards in just about any

climate, but today was going to be a particularly good day. By the end of today she'd have nothing to fear at all.

Still, the rational part of her mind that kept her instincts sharp and her danger sense one step ahead of those who'd mean her harm kept tingling with questions. The way he carried himself said he probably had at least one weapon on him, and that *look*. That was the look of someone who not only had a purpose but had a lot invested in the outcome.

The closer she got to the Primrose, the more she found herself wondering. Was he one of the dragon's agents? Had they finally found her? No, that was silly, she had been careful, and by now, so close to her freedom, she wasn't going to start second guessing herself. She was *fine*.

To prove that to herself, the curvy half-elf stopped at a flower stand and purchased a carnation for her date, paying for it with one of the gold coins she still hadn't had a chance to smelt down. It was minted in the shape of a sinewy dragon coiled around a screaming elven woman. It might have been ironic if Sarah was concerned with such things, but two decades of carrying them around had sapped the novelty for her.

She made a show of drinking in the carnation's scent while glancing towards the man out of the corner of her vision. He was watching her from between two carts parked outside of a small funeral home.

How horribly appropriate.

Sarah tucked the carnation between her pointed ear and a long bit of her coppery red hair. The arm of her thin rimmed glasses kept it from falling. It was a good contrast to her chocolate colored silk vest and the regal white blouse that hugged her generous curves, further accenting her exotic features-- at least it did in her mind.

She started towards the Primrose, taking inventory of the street around her. The low hanging sun was already sliding off the horizon, inviting the upper crust of the city out to mingle in their dramatic and, occasionally, ridiculous evening wear. All of them were studiously oblivious to the common folk who were themselves making their way home and certainly, Sarah hoped, her as well.

Some part of her wanted to tap into the magic that tingled in the base of her spine, to call forth the Great Inventor's blessings and rend her pursuer's weapons to rust, but she was better than subjugating herself to Him for something she could handle on her own. . .

On a more pragmatic level, it was infinitely more likely that not only would she out herself as a cleric, she'd probably wind up on charges of magical assault. A charge that not even her nobility papers would be able to get her out of. Especially not when she had no local land to back it up. A landless noble in Tysen? Unthinkable.

That didn't mean she didn't have other capacities, though. Discretely, she slid her hand to her belt line, checking for the reassuring weight of the flintlock. If it came to it, she'd be able to get away. Besides, an illegal weapons charge was easier to get out of than a 'wild magic' sentence.

Felicia wouldn't be happy if Sarah missed their date, though, and that would be most

unbecoming of someone pretending to be a noble. After all the work Sarah had put into getting it in the first place, she couldn't disappoint the poor girl by not showing up, could she?

No, not hardly.

Sarah dampened her lips, stealing the briefest glance to the alley ahead-- between Marson's Provisions and an armorer she'd never heard of. She had a good mental map of the alleys and figured that getting to the Primrose from here would take her no time at all, it also meant she could loose him in the process.

Without trying to draw attention to her change in direction, she wandered to the mouth of the protective shadow and the moment she cleared line of sight, launched into a dead sprint. Her hard soled boots pounded against the cobbles as she fished her lock picks from under her belt, clenching them between her teeth. Arms pumping and breath already coming in short, quick sips, she turned down the T junction, blew past the armorer's open air forge and it's tang of a fire too hot to work iron. She almost said something to the young apprentice who was eying her from the ground floor patio but she bit it off. He was someone else's problem, she had her own.

Ahead of her were the back sides of a bakery and an apothecary, just as she knew it would be. She rounded the corner into the tiny alcove behind the apothecary, half tripping over the pile of burlap refuse bags on her way to the tilted cellar door and it's rust worn padlock.

She slipped her picks in, already mentally kicking herself for not just offering to 'fix' the damn thing for Jayson and keeping a spare key for just such an occasion. She borrowed heavily from her elven parentage but quick manual dexterity wasn't something she'd ever done well. The picks felt like awls in her hands and it wasn't long before she was stepping back. There was no way she'd get the door open in seconds. Minutes, yes, but--

Her pursuer's footfalls echoed through the alley telling her that she didn't have minutes.

*"Bollocks"*. Sarah jerked her head back to look around. It was a tight cubby wrapped in cobblestone with two windows on the second floor of the apothecary overlooking the alley. Climbing was out of the question, too-- too high, too easy to fall. Climbing too time, too. Her green eyes flit back and forth behind her thin rimmed glasses as she tried to work out her escape. The man was closer, no doubt only seconds away and she had trapped herself.

*"What a fool I must look,"* she mused, gaze sweeping back. The garbage. She glanced at the pile of trash and instantly her stomach dropped. *"Gods, really?"*

Sarah took another look around. The windows were too high. The wall too steep. She'd never make it. She sighed, picked at the trash for a moment. It didn't smell bad, but could she really do it?

"Oi!" The man shouted to the apprentice. "You see a knife 'ars come through 'ere?"

She could, she decided.

"I asked you a question, boy!"

But not before buying some time. Sarah wrapped her slender hand around the lock and focused her will into it. From the base of her spine erupted a surge of divine power, burning through under used channels in her body like a withering cancer that poured freely from her fingertips and into the metal.

The flimsy metal didn't stand a chance.

The entropic energy corroded the metal further, from light brown rust to dark ashen black and into flakes that tumbled over her palm like sand. In a split second the lock was entirely gone allowing Sarah to open the door a fist's width.

Precious seconds burned away like the tingling of her freshly burnt nerve endings while she weighed out diving into the smoky scented basement or hiding in the refuse. Finally and with as much care as she could, Sarah pulled two of the larger bags off the pile and took a deep breath before tucking herself into the hole made by the vacancy. She pulled the bags on top of her and tried to think invisible thoughts. It was a silly thing, she knew it, but it was one of those little prayers that she always hoped might create a link to her fey ancestors and actually allow her access to such an ability.

Heavy, unmistakable foot falls clapped by her section of the alley and Sarah flinched inwardly. *"Deep breath. You've done this before. Just relax."*

The footfalls slowed. Stopped.

Sarah reached for her flintlock and clenched her teeth against her picks.

Nothing happened for a moment.

Then the hinge on the cellar door creaked.

Sarah's hand tightened on the oak handle of her pistol. She only needed one shot.

The man grumbled softly, paused for a moment. Sarah dared peek through a crack between the bags to see him standing there in the mouth of the cellar, probably squinting against the gloom and haze of reagents. It would have been so easy for Sarah to pop up and shoot him in the back.

She could have. It would have bought her some time to get away. To get her title verified and then weasel her way into the noble circles. Or, if it came to it, to find a new city and start over again. . .

But she wasn't a killer. She hated violence and as long as he was alive, his friends wouldn't have reason to go looking for him or his killer. As the opportunity, perhaps the only one she'd ever get, slipped away, Sarah resigned herself to another move. She sprung from her hiding place and bowled into him. He flailed and crashed spectacularly into the dark, heralded by the sound of jars shattering and gruff cursing. She leveraged herself back and slammed the door shut, stuffing her picks into the hollow created by the missing padlock. For added measure, she braced her body weight against it, too.

She had to know. . .

It wasn't long before he was crashing against the door to pursue her. He kicked at it and shoved, almost throwing her off balance. The picks held firm, though. Forethought and opportunity had given her the good sense to forge them out of a designer alloy. They might not last indefinitely, but she only needed a few moments. Sarah put on her most cheerful voice. "A fair evening to you as well, good man! I know this must seem awkward but I seem to have gotten lost!" She tucked her pistol into her belt and slid the vest over it.

He slammed against the door.

"Forsooth!" Another slam. "These streets can be so confusing at times, yet I suppose they lead me to fine company such as yours for a reason." That earned her a moment's pause in the assault. Good, she mused. "Tell me! What have I done to earn such gracious company?"

"Let me out of here and I'll tell you. . ." His gravelly voice was low, a bull dog's growl in the face of a kitten. She decided she'd let him think it.

"I'd love to, but the latch appears to be stuck! Maybe you'll tell me the name of your employer so I can contact them to come fetch you! I dare say, that sounds fairly reasonable, don't you think?"

Another small pause. He was probably looking for something to break down the door with. Sarah dampened her lips. Her picks were going to have to be a sacrifice, it seemed. "Let me out!" He slammed against the door.

"I suppose I could but try! But that might indebt you to me, now wouldn't it? Maybe we should decide on a fair wage, say twice whatever you're being paid right now?"

"You can't afford it, elf!"

"You might be surprised!" A third pregnant pause broke up his assault on the door. Sarah glanced back, breath held. She could sweeten the deal, maybe she could come out of this on top after all. Not like it was the first time this had happened. "What would it take to employ you, good man? Assuming money's no object--"

"You aint got enough--"

"Dear boy, that's not a word and--" before she could finish, the man smashed into the door again, blasting her full on in the back and sending her face first into the refuse heap. She half spun, half stumbled, looking back to make sure the picks hadn't come free. "We'll talk later, then!" Sarah spared a glance to the alley, checked the door once more. Once she was sure her way out was clear, she straightened out her blouse and vest into their most flattering configuration and started towards the Primrose once more.

After all, she had a date to keep.

Ten minutes later the bell above the door jangled as she entered the redwood trimmed tavern. It was an expansive place furnished in plush velvets of deep maroon and lined with gold filigree and hosting a half dozen chairs looped around cherry tables scuffed by ale mugs and wine glasses with equal measure.

Its most useful features-- aside from the bar big enough to seat eight and the extensive eastern wine selection-- was the hallway that punctuated the middle of the lobby like the shaft of a hammer. On either side of that hall were curtained meeting rooms the size of a booth. Through the middle isle ran a waist high railing filled in with frosted glass and silver accent.

This was a place of miracles and malice in equal parts-- a place where discretion and propriety could be traded like currency if one knew how to leverage things and listen. But, for the burly guard at the end of the hall, that propriety was a sacred right which wouldn't be infringed upon by anyone.

So, seeing the man with the cuts on his face was a little more than surprising. Her heart punched into her throat and for just that split second, the half-elf hesitated. He was sitting directly across from the booth Felicia had chosen for their meeting.

Who the hell was this man?

For the second time in an hour, Sarah felt her stomach flip-flop. She wasn't usually given to uncertainty and doubt, but this man had done his homework. She had to give him credit. That didn't mean she needed to show her doubt, though.

Sarah squared her shoulders and entered the bar with her head held high, flashing a winning smile to the barmaid who blushed. She was Sarah-Gods-Loving-Kettar, dammit. No one threw her off-guard, not twice in one day and certainly not *here* of all places.

The man with the scars moved to rise but Sarah juked quickly and slid into the right row of booths, gliding effortlessly into Felicia's booth. She pulled the curtain's closed. The guards would stop him from entering unless he was invited which meant she had time to think.

What were the chances he had someone hiding out back or even in front? Someone she hadn't seen and didn't know. Someone innocuous amidst the crowd of up and coming nobles and society's affluent, hidden like a blade waiting to strike from the darkness and strike her while she was vulnerable.

Sarah parted the curtains a tiny bit. The guard was standing in front of him-- towering over him, more accurately. The man was gesticulating something and whispering harshly.

It was that moment that Felicia chose to speak up in her flowing middle eastern lit. "Ah, miss Kettar--. . . What are you doing?"

"That is the question of the hour, isn't it," Sarah whispered as the scarred man was escorted back to his booth. When he took a seat and the guard stepped off, she flung the curtains open, locked eyes with him and drew her pistol out enough for it to be seen. She put a finger to her lips with a private smile like they were sharing a dirty little secret. "Shh. . . Enjoy the show."

That got his attention. He arched a brow, eying Sarah with dubious eyes. Maybe he wasn't as stupid as she gave him credit for. A moment later he nodded subtly and dispelled any misgivings she might have had about that notion.

Sarah turned to her desert flower with a warm smile. "How foolish of me to think the radiance of



your beauty could be contained by one small room. Forgive me, my dear.”

Felicia was short but curvy and the corset she was wearing only accented those curves more; barely contained in her blue silk dress, her cleavage swelled when she breathed in a way that made Sarah smile. The white frills along her shoulders and skirt contrasted her warm caramel skin tone making her appear even younger and more radiant than Sarah knew her to be.

“My. . .” Sarah made a show of catching her breath, deliberately emphasizing her false surprise. She knew what the girl looked like and even in more form fitting attire. A visage that had been the fuel of many pleasant dreams. Not just for Sarah, either, she imagined. “No amount of stars in any dark sky could shed a fraction of your light, my dear.” Sarah took her time to drink in the woman's features and the warm blush that crossed them before she invited herself to sit down beside her, positioning Felicia between her and the isle, deliberately a tad too close to be polite.

Unsurprisingly Felicia edged away, attempting to get her personal space back. “Well, ah, thank you. . .” The young woman swallowed and glanced at Sarah uneasily. “But we were here to talk about my father's farm.” Her brown eyes lingered, uncertain.

“Were we?” Of course they were. Sarah eyed the deed on the table and leaned in to look at it, pressing her thigh against Felicia's. She whispered in a soft voice meant to tickle the girl's ear. “I'll mortgage it.”

“B-” The girl spluttered, “but-- without seeing it? I thought-- I mean, my *father* thought you would want to see it first. He's not there right now and--”

“My good woman,” Sarah slipped her arm around Felicia's lower back. “I've learned to trust my instincts on matters of the quality of the individuals I deal with.” She trailed across her spine until she came up to her neck, daring to slide from fabric to flesh. Her finger followed the nubs of the girl's spine, higher and higher until she reached the base of Felicia's skull. A shiver rippled across her tanned flesh as goosebumps prickled and her blush deepened. She smelled of vanilla and lilac. “You, my lady, are of the *highest* caliber.”

The beautiful caramel skinned teenager turned to face Sarah, edging away enough that she could focus herself, maybe she was trying to sound more mature and adult than her eighteen years would suggest. Her voice tried to straddle the line between casual and business and failed miserably at both. “Uh-- Very well? I'll need to see your papers, miss Kettar.”

“Miss. . .” Sarah arched a coppery brow at the girl even as she reached into her vest and produced her folded documents. Technically it was the most appropriate way to address someone who may or may not have been above ones' station, but it was still amusing. The east was full of amusing customs like it. “Well, if you're not sure just yet, I can take my coin elsewhere--”

“N- No!” she squeaked. “No, no, that's okay. I-- I just need to be sure, so I can sign the contract with your. . . uh. . . your registry seal, my--” Felicia looked to the document she'd unfolded. Her warm, dusty colored skin paled several shades and she gaped openly at what she read.

Sarah's forgeries were second to none in terms of quality, good money had been spent to ensure it, but there was that moment where she wondered if they'd pass inspection. She couldn't imagine some young peasant girl had the first clue what real noble's paperwork looked like, but then

Sarah had never been one to do thing at half measure.

“H- H-” Felicia gently folded the papers and handed them back, trembling openly. “B-- I'm sorry, Marchioness. P- Please, forgive me, I had no idea.”

Sarah flashed a warm smile. “Think nothing of it, dear girl. I'd not ask someone to be well versed in peerage-- dreadfully boring, even to us!” She leaned in conspiratorially, plucking the deed from the table and reaching for the ink well. Across the isle, the man was glaring at her with cold eyes, reminding her she still had an audience. One it might be fatal to bore. *“Ah, but for want of a stage big enough that I could perform forever.”*

The girl was looking at her with a newfound fear, almost shaking in her revelation of Sarah's high ranking noble status. With a reassuring grin, the half-elf leaned into her space once more and murmured. “Let's make a deal, dear. Speak your mind and bite your tongue. . . You'll find me very amiable, no matter where we stand socially.”

She blinked a few times, her beautiful lashes fluttering in a way that made her brown eyes glisten in the muted light. It would have been real fear if she really knew what she was getting into with Sarah. Instead, she looked up to the half-elf with curiosity, maybe even a little interest. This was going entirely too well. . . “I don't understand, my lady--”

Sarah put a finger to her lips. “Speak your mind around me, at all times.” She paused to let it sink in. “Never use my title in public. I have much too much respect for you to hold it over you, hm? Were time infinite, I'd spend a great deal of it showing you just how humble I can be. . .”

Absently, without sparing so much as a glance to the man in opposite booth, Sarah signed her name to the deed and stamped it with her own notary seal. Technically illegal, but hardly the most egregious thing she had done today. From her left pocket she produced a slightly modified version of the contract Felicia had in front of her. It already had her signature on it and just needed Felicia to confirm it. “It's a copy of the one I sent you,” she lied.

The girl didn't even hesitate. A twinge of guilt sparked briefly in the depths of some forgotten part of Sarah's soul, but she didn't let it stop her from brushing her cheek against the teenager's, murmuring a soft purr. “Good girl.” It'd be a few hours before Sarah foreclosed on it and took the property as her own, but she wouldn't evict the family. No, Felicia could bloody well have the land, she just needed the deed. “Now. . . That's out of the way.”

Felicia glanced at her out of the corner of her eye, swallowed. Her voice came out as a squeak. “M- My la-- M--”

“Sarah.”

“S- Sarah?”

“I'll have the coin for you tomorrow evening, if that's all right? The fifty I gave you yesterday should be enough to carry you through until then, I trust?” Of course it would, a hand full of coppers could feed a family of four. Fifty coins was a fortune. By comparison, the four hundred more she'd offered for the farm was obscene. It was nowhere near worth that, but Sarah was in a hurry and she had the money to burn-- burn. That was an apt way to put it. She knew she'd never

get repaid, but that was the entire point. The girl had to have known that, but somehow Sarah doubted either one of them was being completely up front about why they needed each other.

That was just fine with her, though. She was going to come out on top either way, so she couldn't fault the girl for whatever plans she had for the money. Of course, she wasn't about to let an opportunity slip by when she could take full advantage of it-- she'd be out a small country's worth of gold, but she'd be ahead anyway. Contrary, perhaps, but she threw the dice all the same.

"Tell me," Sarah pulled back enough to whisper against the crest of the young woman's ear. "Are you happy here? At *your* farm?"

"I . . . I guess?" She swallowed.

"A girl so far from the desert, settling down among us mere mortals in the low lands? I dare say, divinity touches you in more ways than one, dear." Sarah accented that by flicking her tongue over Felicia's earlobe. The girl shuddered involuntarily, hands splaying out on the table as though she was fighting her body, trying to figure out what to do.

"I-- I'm really not anything--" her breath backed up with a sharp inhale when Sarah brought her hands down the girl's sides, teasing the sides of her ample cleavage with the tips of her fingers. She was still struggling when the half-elf pressed her weight against her.

Sarah tried to make the choice easier, she took the girl's earlobe between her pouted lips and brought her strong arms around her midsection, murmuring against her sun kissed flesh. "What I would give to prostrate myself before an altar of such magnificence."

"I've heard of you." Felicia whispered in a husky tone, her breath coming in short sips that made her bosom heave against her dress. "I know what you're capable of."

Sarah inhaled her scent and blew the words across her throat playfully. "Is that right?"

The girl shuddered, eyes half closing. She opened her mouth but nothing came out as Sarah touched her full lips with the tip of one finger. "W- what do you want from me?"

"I want nothing you have, dear child. Only to give you something you've never experienced. . ."

"M-m-my--"

Sarah nibbled her earlobe, "The matter is settled, dear. The farm is saved and all is well."

"B- b- b--"

As Felicia tried to get her bearings about her, Sarah parted the girl's lips with her finger, giving her just the tip and kissing her neck, unashamed, uncaring. She caught a glimpse of the scar faced man watching with new interest even as Felicia turned her head just slightly, unconsciously. "Just like that?"

"I told you this would be simple," Sarah pulled her hand back over the woman's shoulder and sucked tenderly at the newly exposed flesh. The girl's tension melted under her touch. Usually this was harder. Sarah glanced up at her and whispered. "What's been said about me, hm?"

She was half turning to the side in offering now, mailable in the wake of Sarah's hot breath. This was entirely too easy, Sarah frowned to herself even as she sunk her teeth into the girl's throat. Felicia gasped softly. "They say you're trouble. You use people and--"

"Who, dear." Sarah let her fingers trail down Felicia's side with enough pressure for them to be felt. Her breathing came faster as Sarah laid her hand on her thigh. She was well muscled but not quite as soft as Sarah. The side effects of a life of farm labor.

In a dreamy whisper, she murmured. "Lots of maidens."

Ah, yes, maidens. Sarah smiled a little as she turned her gaze to the man in the other booth. His patience was beginning to dwindle now, hand half reaching into his tunic, probably for his weapon. "What do you think, dearest Felicia?" Sarah dragged the tips of her fingers across the outside of Felicia's trembling thigh, higher and higher. She stopped just shy of her meaty flank, suckling at her throat. "Shall I stop now?"

She swallowed and murmured something indistinct.

Sarah bit her neck playfully. "Show me."

Felicia's hand wavered against Sarah's as she laid it down on her lap. She bit into her lower lip, exhaling softly. Sarah took the lead from there, bunching up a hand full of the girl's dress, sliding her hand in between her legs even when she tried to pull back.

"You're too beautiful to be denied the simple pleasures, don't you think?"

Now she had the man's attention. He sat back further in the shade of the booth, watching Sarah.

Felicia's legs quivered against her hand and she whimpered, her teeth sinking into her lower lip even harder as Sarah started to explore the girl's damp heat. She pushed two fingers up against the girl's nether lips and bit into her neck again, determined to leave her mark.

Sarah enjoyed little moments like this, stolen from the jaws of the waking nightmare of her life. She could be herself, free to please and be pleased as she wanted. Unlike mountains of coin and swaths of property, this was the only kind of wealth that really mattered; a connection between two people. She savored the woman's flavor and pushed her fingers up against Felicia's pelvic bone, massaging through the layers of clothing. "I want to share something with you."

The girl whimpered. "Mmmph?"

"I'll need my hand a moment."

"B-b--"

"Shhh. . . Good girls don't make a sound." Sarah had to worm her hand out of Felicia's grip, after which she brought the tips of her fingers to the girl's lips. Slow to pick up on what was expected of her, she looked at the smiling half elf with confusion which faded a bit when Sarah licked a couple drops of sweat from Felicia's shoulder. After a few seconds her lips parted, allowing the tips to enter and her hot, velvety tongue brushed the under side of Sarah's fingers.

Still trembling, the girl's tongue slid from tip to base, all the way to Sarah's palm. She lapped eagerly the longer they stayed there and Sarah rewarded her with several more bites along her shoulder and neck. She'd found someone who probably would have been a lot of fun if she'd had time to work with her.

But Sarah was in a hurry.

A new spark of attention flickered in the man's gaze now. His gaze lingered on Felicia's curves even as Sarah slid her fingers from the girl's mouth, tracing a silvery line of saliva down the girl's chin, down her neck line, feeling her heart slamming blood through that slender neck. Sarah pulled her hand back and stuck her thumb in her mouth, wrapping her left arm around the girl's waist, turning her slightly so she was almost sitting in Sarah's lap.

The girl didn't know she was facing the man and Sarah didn't say anything. She locked gazes with him and bit into her new conquest once more, hefting her up so she could slide her hand under her meaty rump. Sarah sighed against Felicia's bronzed flesh. If only she could've enjoyed this--

In a deft move, the half-elf deftly slid her hand into Felicia's underwear, brushing her damp fingers between the girl's cheeks. An instant sharp intake of breath was the response as she arched her back instinctively. Sarah pressed both her fingers against her rosebud. "Shh. . . Good girl's don't make a sound."

Felicia turned her lust glazed eyes towards Sarah with a sudden flash of uncertainty. Sarah kissed her, slid her hand forward into the hot wetness of the girl's sex. She was trembling, putty in the hands of a master craftswoman and they both knew it-- Sarah pressed her thumb against Felicia's rosebud and gingerly eased her forefingers into the young woman's core. At first her muscles tried to fight but in seconds she eased, relaxed.

She was so lost in the kiss that Felicia didn't react when Sarah pushed her thumb against her back door. Sarah pushed her forefingers in deep until she felt her palm rubbing against the woman's lips, earning a soft whimpering moan. "Shhh. . ." Sarah curled her fingers, pushed forward until she found the teenager's most sensitive spot. "Mmm. .. Shallow, aren't we. Maybe I'm just your size."

The girl whimpered something but Sarah stopped caring as she thrust her fingers in and out of the tight dampness, arching her fingers so their tips brushed against her spot like she was stroking a kitten. Felicia's back arched even more and her cleavage threatened to break free from her dress, undulating with her erratic breaths as she dug her heel into the floorboards.

Across from them, the man had his hand in his pants, stroking himself as he watched. Sarah smiled a little, pressing her thumb against the girl's ass once more, more insistent this time. Felicia tried to resist at first but it was clear she couldn't hold it for long. Putty, after all, was meant to be thoroughly worked. She clenched her teeth as Sarah pushed it in.

"The discomfort goes away," Sarah cooed softly, tickling her g-spot all the more. Felicia's eyes were shut and watering as her body tried to force Sarah out. Undulating waves of resistance and

release warred inside her while Sarah continued to work her insides forward and back; up and down. . . It wasn't long before the girl's breath caught. Her insides tightened like a hot vice around her fingers and she came. Hard. Felicia let out a whimpering cry and grabbed Sarah's elbow, throwing her head back against Sarah's shoulder with a barely audible whine.

Sarah smiled, she owned this girl now. There was no question.

The redheaded woman looked over at the man to see he was still stroking himself, albeit much faster now. "That's a good girl. . ." Sarah soothed Felicia's hair back out of her eyes and kissed her neck, still watching her pursuer. Felicia was panting, slumped against Sarah like a body pillow. "We'll do this again. . ." Sarah whispered. "and again. . . and again. Offer your prayers to Isira and I will find you--"

"Hn?" Felicia looked at her, confused.

Sarah slid her fingers out as slowly as she could, planted a kiss on her neck. "Pray to Isira, you'll find me there."

The man was still stroking himself, faster than ever. . . and. . . He jerked forward in orgasm and Sarah jumped up, dumping Felicia across the bench and erupting from the booth at a sprint. The scarred man groaned as he tried to collect himself mid-orgasm. It was too late, though. Sarah was barging through the back door, half way into the alley and back lit by Felicia's voice flowing over colorful curses she'd never heard before.

This is how her day began.

# # # #

## **Please Note!**

This FREE demo version of my Dragon Slayer story is meant to be distributed and put into as many hands as humanly possible. Please, download, share and promote it. Were I able to, I would write for free for the rest of my days, but I have to eat, and so I live and die by the ability (and interest) of people willing to purchase my books or donate a little bit here and there. This book is a labor of love, but it's also designed to drum up interest in the world and the series, so the more eyes we get on it, the more likely we are to find those people who'll buy them!

The only thing I hope for more is that you enjoy this entry in the Dragon Slayer series.

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